

Masthead Logo

The Iowa Review

Volume 2
Issue 1 *Winter*

Article 22

1971

Shack Poem

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Recommended Citation

Bly, Robert. "Shack Poem." *The Iowa Review* 2.1 (1971): 23-23. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1160>

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SHACK POEM

1

I don't even know these roads I walk on,
I see the backs of white birds.
Whales rush by, their teeth ivory.

2

Far out at the edge of the heron's wing,
where the air is disturbed by the last feather,
there is the Kingdom. . . .

3

Hurrying to brush between the Two Fish,
the wild woman flies on . . .
blue glass stones a path on earth mark her going.

4

I sit down and fold my legs
The half dark in the room is delicious.
How marvellous to be a thought entirely surrounded by brains!